February 5
1920

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"In famine he shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the sword" (JOB 5: 20).

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IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

NAUVOO.

IT is more convenient to reach Nauvoo by way of Montrose, the Iowa town directly opposite, than by means of any of the distant railroad towns in Illinois, since none are much nearer than Carthage, eighteen miles distant. A railroad runs between Burlington and Keokuk, and thence down on the sandy bank of the Mississippi to Saint Louis; so by striking the great river at either of the two places mentioned, or at Quincy, Hannibal or Saint Louis, all of which are crossing points of great trunk lines, the pilgrim may have direct communication with Montrose. It is advisable, however, in making this chopped up journey, to precede it with a careful study of the latest time-schedules, and thus render connections more easy, with a consequent saving of time and money.

At the blustering close of a stormy day, on the particular visit which it is the object of this article to describe, my friend and I arrived at the growing town of Burlington, and proceeded at once to seek the train which was to carry us down the river to Montrose. It was not far distant, and was found to consist of a locomotive and two dimly-lighted coaches, one of which, to our evening's enjoyment, contained a lively wedding party from the rural district, whom neither the solemnity of the occasion, the storm without, nor the presence of their fellow passengers could suppress. As the dusk turned into darkness, the storm was seen to be largely an electrical commotion; sheets of ghastly light would mount from the horizon far up towards the zenith; and at times the heavens would be one continuous glare, casting a lurid, unnatural light over the stormbeaten landscape; these phenomena followed each other in the most rapid succession, until at times there would be an unbroken and almost uniform illumination of the surrounding country for some minutes together. This display,

which was so strange to us, was said to be a very common occurrence in that region. It lasted for hours.

Shortly after ten the train reached our destination; it was no joke to traverse the three rods, which lay between the train and the plank sidewalk opposite, seeing the rains which had poured down in torrents for several days had so thoroughly soaked this loamy soil as to render it, practically, bottomless mud, nor was there too much light on the subject; even the electricity had failed us. After examining the unforbidding inn near the station, and surveying the suspicious and burly proprietor, we decided to go up town to a boarding house, as a matter of self-preservation, and there, after awaking the people, we found a comfortable and clean room, which promised well for a good night's rest.

At daybreak, according to our plan, we set out for the river bank, we had settled with the proprietor the night before, in view of an early departure. Our first desire was to obtain a view of the historic city on the opposite bank; but we found that a forest-covered island of considerable extent stood between us and the greater part of the town. The next point was to find transportation across to Nauvoo, and luckily we found a boatman half clad and poverty-stricken, who, even at that early hour was looking for the worm, after the manner of the early bird. The bargain was soon struck, the boat was bailed out, the boatman's coat served as a protection from the dampness of the seat, and under the cheerful auspices of a fair sky we pulled out for the once populous city of Nauvoo. Since the wooded island before mentioned lay directly in our course, it became necessary to pull around it, and like a reasonable being and experienced boatman, our crew chose the upstream end to circumnavigate. The island, upon close inspection, was found to be a forest-covered swamp, entirely submerged at high water. As we progressed, the site of Nauvoo gradually became visible; and we saw stretched before us a wide strip of low meadow ground, backed by an elevated ridge. To the north the ridge was brought to an end somewhat abruptly by the river, which between Montrose and Nauvoo flows about north and south, but which a little to the north of the direct line between these two places sweeps around from the east almost rectangularly, thus leaving the ground occupied by Nauvoo with river frontage to the north and also to the west. The ridge follows along down the river bank, sometimes distant and again close, at times a precipitous bluff at the water's edge, and then again a gentle swell at some distance back. A sluggish boat was pulling laboriously up the stream near the other bank, emitting dense volumes of smoke and steam. She was evidently a freight boat, being flat and without the tiers of upper decks which characterize a passenger steamboat; she paddled along by means of an ungraceful stern wheel, peculiar to the Western rivers. The last we saw of her she was clumsily endeavoring to touch at the North

Nauvoo dock for the purpose either of dropping merchandise or taking up produce, and I might have added Temple stone, had the visit been a few years earlier, when the distribution of this stone for forty miles up and down the river was so active. After a long pull against the current, and a continuous watch for the snags and timber, which infected the stream, we pulled in to the Montrose, or west wharf, at Nauvoo; and after settling with the boatman—whose poverty was certainly due to lack of customers, not to moderation of charges—we struck out on foot across the bottom land for the town.

The greater part of the town at the present time—it seems to have been otherwise in the days of 1838-46—is located on the ridge mentioned above, with a few houses near by on the meadow land, and an unoccupied strip a quarter of a mile wide between the houses and the river on the west. It was yet very early morning and the streets were deserted, so we were left utterly at sea as to which way to go. The Temple we at once concluded must have been erected on one of the highest points of the ridge, and so we walked up to what we considered a likely location; our first conjecture was further strengthened as to the site by the presence in that neighborhood of a drug store and several other buildings constructed of finely-wrought white stone, which we assumed to have come from the walls of the Temple. And so it proved, for after a short walk down a street in that neighborhood we met a man who turned out to be the owner of the Temple lot, which we had passed a block or two. We were aware that we would not find much of the Temple standing, but thought we would at least find a vacant lot centrally located, upon which would be here and there a piece of the wall still left; we expected to see the cellars and foundations, the former, perhaps, partly filled up with ashes and debris, and the latter despoiled ruins; surrounding this sad wreck, our minds had pictured a wilderness of stones strewn around in the utmost confusion, the remains of what had once been a beautiful structure, erected by a devout people to a true God. But it was not so. It was as if the legions of Satan, drunk with the temporary success which had attended their onslaught, had turned exultingly from the scenes of suffering and woe, consequent upon a ruthless destruction of a people's homes and property, and a barbarous expulsion of the community, so robbed and outraged, into a boundless, snow-covered and almost trackless wilderness, to the work of leveling the walls of the building which had rendered Nauvoo the Mecca of God's people. Nor was the destruction of the walls enough, for satanic hate further decreed the scattering of the dressed stone to the four winds; the filling of the basements; and the transformation of the Temple lot into a garden, thus causing the noble edifice and its site to live only in the memory.

And so we found it. Our guide, Mr. Bahmanu, present pro-

prietor of the lot and a store opposite, lead us up the street to the middle of a certain block and turned into a gate, which opened through an ordinary fence. We saw nothing within to betray the former site of a costly edifice; along the front fence there were two rows of currant bushes with a path between, on the left or north of the lot, and towards its front was located a one-story dwelling, the front part of which was then used as a grocery store; in the rear of the dwelling and at the back of the lot was situated a two-story lumber barn, trees and fences bordered the property, and various kinds of plants, bushes and trees were scattered here and there over the inclosure. If we had not received the renewed assurance of our guide that this was the place we sought, we should have discredited him. Here was a house and yard, not even on the corner of a block; with all the usual surroundings of a semi-rural home, distinguished from its neighbors in no special manner, perfectly level, with fruit trees and flowers—and this, we were thrice assured, was where the Nauvoo Temple used to stand. The precise limits of the structure were pointed out; it was in the middle of the lot as regards north and south, with its front wall about half way from front to rear, and the rear wall coincident with the back fence. Upon this ground stood a wagon with freight for some neighboring town; a large-sized peach tree was growing a little to the rear of the center of the building site, and a well, which was described as the only remnant of the Temple on the lot, except a few scattering pieces of rock from the walls, which had been thrown near the fences in clearing the ground for cultivation. The owner, who has been long in Nauvoo, and has been questioned so often, was very familiar with the architecture of the building, and could even sketch with apparent accuracy its characteristics, and even many of its details. The water of the well was quite sweet; Mr. Bahmann described it as having been located near the font supported by the carved oxen. His discourse was intensely interesting to us; descriptive as it was of the building as it stood complete, of the destruction by fire, of the blowing down of the north wall which stood many years after the conflagration, and finally of the carrying off for building purposes of the cut stone. In his store he showed us a part of one of the rays, formerly on the second story front. His son, a young man with natural instincts of an antiquarian, had made a vast and unique collection of the ancient "mound builders," and more recent antiquities.

Having secured, each of us, a souvenir of the Temple, we asked for the former residences of Presidents Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They were both down the hill in the bottomland. The residence of the latter was found to be a brick building in astonishingly good repair, situated on the north west corner of a block. It has a main part with two wings, and a porch in front, which is not farther than six feet from the street. A rose bush

had been trained over the lattice of the porch, and at the time of the visit, in June, was gorgeously in bloom. A young lady answered our knock, informed us that it was Dr. Parker's residence, that he was away and that we might inspect the interior. The house was solid and cheerful, and historically interesting.

About south of the building just described, and on the water's edge—the town site, I should have stated, has a more or less extended frontage on the river to the south, due not to a change in the direction of the stream, but to a widening of it at this point—we found the often mentioned Nauvoo House. There are two of the Prophet's houses standing, the older one, the Mansion House, faces the west and is a block north of the Nauvoo House. It is a frame clapboarded building, one and a half stories high, formerly covered with a coat of whitewash or paint, but which has since been washed off in some places, and been very badly discolored in others. The Nauvoo House comprises two parts. The older part is nearer the river, and is now occupied by Major Bidamon, the former husband of Emma Smith, the widow of the Prophet. The more recent additions, designed to be the principal part of the house, is constructed of brick, and remains as it was left by our people, unfinished. It is remarkably well preserved and substantial. The ground floor of the new part is on a level with the second story of the remainder of the house, caused by a very rapid descent of the ground, and the consequent possibility of making a basement under the building, which is nearer the river bank. We found Major Bidamon to be a massive man, cordial in his treatment of us, and apparently neither a very strong advocate of Reorganism, nor a bitter enemy of the Church. All relics of the Prophet Joseph, he said, had been removed by the "boys," meaning her sons, at the time of Emma's death. Lack of time hurried us to the landing. An old German, on the way, having learned our names, said he would like to have our people all back there again—but since he was the proprietor of a corner grocery, we suspected him of sinister motives. We retraced the lane to the dock, boarded the steam ferry boat, which might have been Fulton's yacht, and were drifted over to Montrose, on our way to Carthage by rail.

RICHARD W. YOUNG.

THE URIM AND THUMMIM.

EVERY investigator, in the course of his or her studies, is confronted with at least one or two outstanding points, requiring greater faith than they possess, to give conviction upon those points. Sometimes it is "Direct revelation from God," sometimes "The existence of a Prophet of God in these days," or "The necessity of baptism by water for the remission of sins." My experience (with

those investigators who delve deep into the question of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon) is that the Urim and Thummim, as a medium of translation, is a most distressing stumbling-block. No matter what evidence may be brought out from the findings of impartial or even opposed archæologists in accord with the statements found in the Book, yet the thought remains, "That is the weak link."

Let us see what we are asked to believe: "He (the angel) said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates. * * * Also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted 'seers' in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book" (Pearl of Great Price, p. 89: 34, 35). That is the statement of the Prophet Joseph.

It is supposed by some, though the prophet does not make the statement, that upon looking through the stones at the characters engraven on the plates, they became changed in form to English. This is the point in question: "Is it possible that by such an instrument, such a change could be accomplished?" My answer is an emphatic "Yes." Let me bring you to something nearer home.

The scene is the home of a British officer blinded in the war. The affliction has not been his sufficiently long for him to have acquired the instinct of the blind from birth, and he has not yet accustomed himself to his new condition, thus being entirely dependent upon those around him for guidance. One day a sympathetic friend calls to take him out walking; but, to his surprise, the officer's wife casually remarks that he is reading. "Reading! How can a totally blind man read? Oh, I understand, says the visitor, you have a book in Braille type?" "No," answered the wife, "His fingers are not sensitive enough to read Braille yet—he is reading the morning paper!" Imagine the visitor's thoughts. Had he recovered his sight? Was the blindness only temporary? Did he only imagine he could read? No! He was totally blind, and, incredible though it may seem, he was reading. How? Why he just had an instrument with a kind of wireless headgear attached. The printed matter is passed before the reader, and the instrument makes it *speak*. The black marks are changed from "form" to "sound;" the shape of the letter giving variation in tone and intensity.

Is this not a more complex proposition? The ancient instrument merely changes the "form," but the modern, extracts intelligible sounds from print, which is not previously prepared for the purpose, having no depressions or elevations as in the case of a gramophone record. This is undeniably true. A distinguished French scientist, M. Fournier D'Abbé, publicly

demonstrated the use of his "Optophone," asserting that no knowledge above average intelligence is required to enable a blind man to read thirty words per minute by its aid. Does this require greater faith? Once again science has followed theology. As in the instance of the Word of Wisdom, and many prophecies and statements of the Prophet of the latter days, science accomplishes and accepts that which, on the mere word of this man of God, it had ridiculed or scorned a year before. The "Optophone" is undoubtedly the marvel of the age, but let it be known and acknowledged that God saw fit to acquaint His servant with this power of translation ninety years ago. The Book of Mormon is the word of God just as truly as is the Bible, but is not held as the "Mormon Bible," as encyclopædias would have us believe. Latter-day Saints boldly declare that Mormonism has nothing to fear from the findings of any branch of science. On the contrary, all undiscovered truths, when made known, must contribute their testimonies to the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, the boy-prophet, whose name is known for good and evil throughout the earth. My testimony is in full accord with this, therefore let us look forward eagerly, and not with the weak-hearted who have not the courage of their convictions.

Birmingham. LEONARD J. PESTRIDGE.

IMMORTALITY.

As rapt I gazed upon her beauty rare, a sense there came of sadness to my heart,
To think that she, who is so wondrous fair, must fade some day, her loveliness depart,
Must fade some day: must wither, droop and die, as does the rose when summer-time is past;
To keep it ever fragrant we would try, did we not know that nothing here can last.
But though in winter nature seems to die, she is not dead, but only sleeping then;
For with the flowers she wakes when spring is nigh, and in the summer's glory smiles again.
Do grant, dear Lord, that when we go from hence, and leave this little life of ours behind,
A life unending may for us commence, where everlasting beauty we shall find;
And all we cherished here and thought most fair, let us behold then, Lord, unfading there.

R. M. MAGUIRE, in *The Sphere*.

"NOR strong tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1920.

EDITORIAL:

IN STARVING VIENNA.

LETTERS from President Angus J. Cannon inform us of an interesting and most laudable effort of the Swiss saints to extend relief to their suffering brethren in Vienna.

Taking advantage of the Red Cross train carrying supplies to that famine-stricken city, they collected boxes of provisions of various kinds and despatched them there. Elder F. M. Fuhriman was sent to take charge and distribute them. He arrived in Vienna on the 3rd of January, on the last train to be running from Switzerland, and says there is no telling when he can get one back. He got quickly in communication with the saints there, through the energetic assistance of Sister Either, whom he found after much walking about, there being no cars nor cabs, with her Sunday-school class. Of this sister's devotion, he says: "She has kept everything in good order, notwithstanding the horrible conditions." The saints were soon assembled and were overjoyed to see an elder from Zion, and to partake of the sacrament. He says of the occasion that: "We had an exceptionally good meeting. I am indeed surprized at the good order, in spite of the terrible conditions here. The saints seem to be consoled and to have a certain satisfaction with their lot. We have a number of first-class typical Latter-day Saints in this part of the Lord's vineyard. They are hoping and yearning that the time will soon come when the missionaries can be among them again. I think this will yet be a very fruitful field, as soon as the conditions are regulated. The people of the world who have not lost all faith in a heavenly being are looking for a practical religion."

In a later letter Elder Fuhriman reports that he had been sick, and that vexatious delays had occurred in receiving his boxes of provisions, but that they were beginning to arrive, and that he was getting better and hoped soon to distribute the relief, for which the poor people were in dire need and in grateful anticipation. He says that no street cars were running in Vienna; there were no lights at night, and no fires; and that provisions of every sort were so high in price as to be prohibitive except to the very rich. That it made one feel, though he were able to buy, more like fasting, as he sees all about him the wan faces of the starving people.

It is probable that the relief provided by the Swiss saints to members of the Church in Vienna, will equal, in proportion to

their numbers, that sent by any church, or charity organization, to the sufferers of that woefully stricken city. For this they are to be praised and will be abundantly blessed.

The following comment upon the plight of the people, of this once proud and pleasant city, whose inhabitants were famed for their refinement, artistic and musical culture, is about as sad as anything recently recorded of the after-war conditions in any of the cities of the overthrown Central empires:

"Of all the countries whose present internal conditions are troubling responsible minds, Austria is the unhappiest and most sorely tried. Even during the war, as far back as 1916, her condition was decidedly uncomfortable—food substitutes and clothing substitutes were being very freely used, and the credit of the State received a series of severe shocks owing to the constant flood of notes of small value which were allowed to circulate everywhere. How Austria managed to hold out as long as she did must remain a mystery—the populace undoubtedly suffered the most terrible privations; everything of the slightest value went to the armies, and only what remained was allowed to the civilian population.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, suffered most during and after the war, and is still suffering. After the Armistice the Empire crumbled away; all the normal sources of supply were cut off, and from a city of brilliance (at the outbreak of the war), Vienna has become a city of deepest gloom. Everybody is strictly rationed; the bread ration, which at one time was equivalent to only one slice a person per day, has now become 8 oz. a day, with an additional 4 oz. for manual workers. Meat is rationed to just over 3 oz. per person per week, but even this is most difficult to obtain, whilst milk, butter, flour, sugar, and potatoes are absolutely unobtainable by the ordinary person. The coal ration allowed to a family for a week is 14 lb., and fats (another factor in warmth) are also rationed to $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz. per head per week. The cost of clothing is almost incredible—compared with Vienna our own little worries fade into insignificance: a suit of men's clothing costs over £100, and a lady's costume costs nearly £300—and this at a normal equivalent without taking into account the present hopeless rate of the Austrian exchange.

"The capital is paying its price for these abnormal conditions; in the first ten months of 1919 there were 52,000 more deaths in Vienna and 69,000 fewer births than in the year immediately preceding the war. The toll of infant life has been most pitiful. It is said nine-tenths of the funerals one saw in the Vienna streets were those of children. The children who survive the terrors of youth are for the most part stunted and ailing and physically unfit. Milk, cod-liver oil, soap, and many hospital necessaries are being poured into Vienna from England, America, and Italy, who are now doing their best to repair the ravages of war.

"A British officer, returned from a visit to Vienna, stated recently that during his stay there he was personally offered the daily supply of a loaf at £2, a quart of milk at £2, a pound of butter at £3, and a pound of sugar at £1, by a café manager, all of which is strictly illegal; but these things are beyond the purse of the Viennese. The value of Austrian currency has sunk so low that the krone, before the war worth 10d., is now worth less than a halfpenny. Beggars are embarrassingly numerous, and anyone looking either English or American is pursued with annoying pertinacity. To such a state as this has the once brilliant and splendid city fallen. Where once people thought wholly of living for pleasure, they now have to think of just living."

J. F. W.

A STATESMAN ON MATERIALISM.

In a letter addressed to the New York *Messenger*, July 15th, 1845, Elder Jedediah M. Grant, then laboring as a missionary at Mt. Holley, New Jersey, enclosed a clipping from the "Bible of Nature," being an extract from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to John Adams (who both became Presidents of the United States), which reads as follows:

"I feel, therefore I exist. I feel bodies which are not myself: there are other existences, then. I call them matter. I feel them changing places: this gives me motion. Where there is an absence of matter, I call it void or nothing, or immaterial space. On the basis of sensation, of matter and motion, we may erect the fabric of all the certainties we can have or need. I can conceive thought to be an action of a particular organization of matter, formed for that purpose by its creator, as well as that attraction is an action of matter, or magnetism of loadstone.

"When he who denies to the Creator the power of endowing matter with the mode of action called thinking, shall show how he could endow the sun with the mode of action called attraction, which reins the planets in the track of their orbits; or how an absence of matter can have a will and by that will put matter into motion, then the materialist may be lawfully required to explain the process by which matter exercises the faculty of thinking. When once we quit the basis of sensation, all is in the wind. To talk of immaterial existences is to talk of nothing. To say that the human soul, angels, God, are immaterial, is to say they are nothings, or that there is no God, no angels, no soul. I cannot reason otherwise; but I believe I am supported in my creed of materialism by the Locks, the Tracys, and the Stewarts. At what age (Athanasius and the Council of Nice) of the Christian Church this heresy of immaterialism, or masked atheism, crept in, I do not know. But a heresy it certainly is. Jesus taught nothing of it. He told us, indeed, that God is a spirit, but he has not

defined what a spirit is, nor said that it is not matter. And the ancient fathers, generally, of the three first centuries, held it to be matter, light and thin indeed, an ethereal gas: but still matter."

To the above Elder Grant adds this characteristic, pertinent inquiry:

"Will the editor of the *Messenger* inform us whether Thomas Jefferson was a Mormon or not?"

This drew forth the following comment by Elder John Taylor, editor of the *Times and Seasons*, in which periodical the matter appeared:

"It seems the editor of the *Messenger* has not answered Elder Grant's request, and so we take the responsibility to give a sentence of revelation on the subject, which came through the great prophet and seer, Joseph Smith. On the 373rd page of the second edition of the Doctrine and Covenants, last clause of the tenth paragraph, we find these words: "And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men, whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood" (Sec. 101: 80). So it seems that the immortal Thomas Jefferson was so much of a saint or Mormon, that God knew he was a wise man, and raised him up on purpose to prepare the way for breaking to pieces Nebuchadnezzar's image of governments, priests, misrule, confusion and false religion!

"The whole world can bear witness that God's 'wise men' have shown more genuine humanity and wisdom than all christendom put together; and this makes revelation triumphant. Glory to God, Jesus Christ, Joseph Smith, and all the prophets, men of God! Men could kill their bodies, but they could not hurt their souls, nor their words. They are eternal."

These are interesting early-day allusions to themes which occupy the thought and deeply concern men of great reputation and power of the present day. Noted doctors of science and philosophy are going about exciting the people by the claims of spiritualism, which seem to make spirits material, though a good many of them of rather a poor quality and obscure personality; and quite commonly deficient in intellect and morals, and devoid of any really informing spiritual enlightenment.

Also, it is to be noted that the times are calling forth frequent quotations of the constitution of the United States, leading many to study its purpose, its range, the character of the men who framed it, and its application to the conditions of the world in the twentieth century.

It is also particularly worthy of comment that upon these matters the understanding and accepted views of the Latter-day Saints, which have been before the world for nearly a hundred

years, are coming into widespread notice, with every indication that their sound philosophy, comprehensive wisdom, perspicuous foresight, shall irrefutably prove their divine inspiration, and do indeed "make revelation triumphant," to the glory of the Father and the Son, and honor of Joseph Smith the Prophet.

J. F. W.

THE WORD OF WISDOM.

THE revelation of the Word of Wisdom was originally given with a promise "and not by commandment or constraint," as "a principle with promise adapted to the capacity of the weak" and to all saints. In the teachings of the Church leaders, notably of Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, Joseph F. Smith, and many others, it has been promulgated with all the sanctity and authority of any of the other commandments, and is so accepted by the saints everywhere. No doubt in the early Christian times something equivalent to it was taught by the disciples. The Apostle Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are" (I. Cor. 3: 16, 17). The purpose of the Word of Wisdom is to keep the body from every kind of defilement, and it prohibits the use of things which defile, weaken and destroy. The Lord says: "Inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good. * * * Strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

Look all about us and see how the excessive drinking of liquor pollutes and degrades our fellowmen. A leading minister is quoted recently as saying: "To look upon the drink-sodden, sin-marked faces of the men and women of our great cities and towns, and contrast their condition with the days of their childhood, it is possible to realize that the most tragic thing in man's destiny is the gulf between what a man is and what his Maker intended him to be." The best physicians and doctors generally condemn strong drink, as do well-wishers of society, seeing the poverty, wretchedness and crime that is directly due to it. Nothing is more shocking to the eyes of intelligent people than the conduct and appearance of intoxicated men and women under its influence, doing things they would be ashamed of in their sober senses.

Again the Lord says: "Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." Scientists inform us that tobacco contains one of the most deadly poisons known to science, nicotine, a colorless liquid. Experiments with it upon animals have proved this to be true. One drop placed upon the tongue of a cat, caused death in seventy-five seconds; a smaller drop, placed upon another cat, killed it in two minutes.

A man drinking a liquid in which tobacco had been boiled, died in about three hours. How degrading it looks to see boys, and even girls sometimes, smoking cigarettes! Ask them why they do it, they say because they see others, their elders, doing it. They seem to think it makes them appear grown up. A health specialist, writing upon the use of strong drink and tobacco says: "A human being can never get used to strong drink and tobacco. They stimulate the nervous system above par only to drop it again farther below. Each time they are taken they leave their withering trail through the body and brain of the real man and sink him lower and lower each day, in hope and inspiration and emotion. Habitual users cover their faculties with a callous veneering, that finally becomes impervious to all the sweetest senses of the human heart."

The Lord also says: "Hot drinks are not for the body or belly." This, as defined by the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, means tea and coffee, the hot drinks in most common use. They both contain stimulants, and are not good for man.

As Latter-day Saints we then understand the Lord condemns and forbids the use by His people of alcohol, narcotics and stimulants. He says they are not good for His children, and gives to them a wonderful promise if they will refrain from using them. He says: "And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones: and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen" (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 89). Let us observe the maxim of the Prophet Joseph: "When the Lord commands obey," and so shall we be blessed.

Barnsley. ROBERT H. BRIGGS.

OPPORTUNITY.

THIS word set me thinking, and I asked myself: "Am I making the most of my opportunities?" We pass through this probation only once. We live one moment at a time, and every moment gives us some small opportunity of preparing ourselves for a higher state of life. How important this makes life. To embrace the opportunities and make the most of them means success; to let them pass unimproved means failure. To embrace them means work, but that is good for us. To do well what is our present duty will bring us much happiness and satisfaction, and it will also open the door to greater opportunities. If we can learn this we shall have learned one of the most important lessons in life. This is the royal road even to celestial glory.

Let us look at some of the daily opportunities that come to us. We all have the opportunity of doing our duty in whatever sphere we are placed, and of doing it cheerfully, and as well as we possibly can. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecclesiastes 9: 10). I wonder what kind of a record we have made. I believe if we could see the recording angel's record of our lives, we would be somewhat sad over it, even the best of us. We have opportunity every day to make somebody else's life brighter and happier. How have we dealt with that? To do that means continual sacrifice of self, a daily denying to self, but if it is made a constant practice, it becomes a habit of life, and self is not put first. Christ is our great example. Look at His beautiful life, and see how much He did for others. There is, and always will be great differences of mental and spiritual capacity, but a lifetime upon this earth affords us all a grand opportunity to uplift ourselves to a higher sphere; and by making the most of this chance which is given us for self-culture and beneficent service, we can make our future destiny, and hold a good position in God's universe. Does He not say we may be kings and priests (also queens and priestesses) to God; and more than that, that a man may even become a god?

By improving our opportunities we may earn the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant." If we drift through life like many people do, we shall perhaps avoid responsibility, and many burdens, but we shall finish our career with empty minds, dwarfed spirits, and with many regrets. So many people take every opportunity to get gold, and forget everything else; but we should remember that "the Glory of God is intelligence," and that when all things are reckoned up we shall not be judged by how much money we have hoarded. If we are blessed with wealth, it is our duty to do all the good we can with it while we live. It is not wise to hoard anything, we should pass things on. If a good thought comes to us, it is our duty to pass it on for the good of others. That is an opportunity of doing good. Love always seeks to minister and to bless, and the poorest of us can do that.

We also have the opportunity of making important decisions all along life's line. We constantly have to decide between right and wrong. All these things help to build up our characters. If we take the side of right we often meet opposition; but that is good, for it makes us stronger.

We should rejoice that we live, and have the power to do these things. Each one is a unit in this world, having his free agency, for which he should be thankful.

We should by study give our minds the opportunity to develop. We should by resisting evil, and overcoming bad habits give our spirits the opportunity to be purified.

In conversation with a friend years ago, she said, "I try to learn all I can in every department of life, for I believe I shall need it

all some day, and I find I can learn something from nearly everybody I meet." She did not know how much she influenced my life by giving me the idea. I pass it on to you. We should try to develop an all round character. To do this we must make the most of every opportunity, and not be afraid to work and sacrifice.

Bradford. MARY E. SANDERS.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptism.—On Wednesday, January 21st, 1920, a baptismal service was held at Bath, when one soul was baptized into the fold of Christ by President Frederick G. Day, and confirmed by Elder Frederick W. Thatcher.

Wedding.—An interesting wedding took place at Saltley, Birmingham, on October 22nd, 1919, between Brother Alexander Henry Wallace and Sister Naomi Edith Griffin. The bride belongs to the Saltley branch, and the bridegroom's home is in Ogden, Utah. He joined the London Scottish regiment at Salt Lake City, and has been serving with the British forces.

Social.—On Monday, January 12th, 1920, a New Year's social was held at Ipswich, at the residence of Sister Elizabeth Downing. There were sixteen people, including friends and investigators, present. Tea was provided; after which games and good amusement was indulged in. All returned home having spent a good time, the investigators and friends expressing their appreciation.

Reorganizations.—Sunday, January 18th, 1920, President James Gunn McKay reorganized the Gravesend branch presidency and Sunday-school as follows: Arthur Gear, president; James J. Dyson and Ambrose R. Winch, counselors. Ambrose R. Winch, Sunday-school superintendent; Mabel R. Wood and Sarah Dean, assistants; Gertrude Wood, secretary; James J. Dyson and Mabel Wood, teachers.

Sunday, January 25th, 1920, President James Gunn McKay reorganized the St. Albans Sunday school, as follows: Mary K. Osborn, superintendent; Frances Louisa Smith and Kate Maria Osborn, assistants; Doris Osborn, secretary; Arthur Jolliffe, organist; William J. Jolliffe, Francis Louisa Smith and Mary Osborn, teachers.

The Glasgow branch Relief Society was reorganized on the 25th January, 1920. The following officers were sustained: Jennie Glass, president; Mary H. Hood and Jane C. Rennie, counselors; Daisy Devlyn, secretary and treasurer.

Branch Conference.—On January 25th, 1920, a branch conference

was held in Pudsey. President Leonard H. Whipple and Elder Junius F. Wells were present. In the afternoon session President Nicholson Elliott spoke a few words to welcome the saints and friends there. Sister F. Ellen Briggs sang a solo. President Whipple and Elder Wells were the speakers. The evening session was very well attended. The mission and conference authorities were sustained. Sister Lily Sutcliffe sang a solo. President Whipple gave a discourse on pre-existence, and Elder Wells spoke of his experience in the Church and upon the life of Joseph the Prophet, bearing a strong testimony, accompanied by the Spirit of God.

Sunday, January 25th, 1920, a branch conference was held in Middlesbrough, Newcastle conference. The afternoon session in the Temperance Institute was taken up by the Sunday-school children. It was instructive and interesting, being a program of recitations, songs, duets, etc. Elder Higgins and President Randall gave valuable advice to the children. At the evening meeting in the Woman's Suffrage Room, President William Derbyshire in charge, the general and local authorities were sustained. Two musical numbers were rendered, being a vocal solo by Sister Florence Robinson, and a violin solo by Sister Eva Owens. The speakers were Elder Higgins, President Randall, and Sister Ridge of Magna, Utah, who is making a short stay with her parents in North Ormesby. An excellent spirit prevailed in both meetings.

I WALK WITH GOD.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view:
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

NEWTON.

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